

SOUVENIR, COPY

# IN A TENT

LYRIC BY MICKEY KIPPEL

MELODY BY LARRY CONLEY

Written for and Dedicated to  
STUART I. WHITMARSH  
Originator and Creator of

*THE TENT*



*featured by*  
LARRY  
CONLEY  
and his  
TENT BAND



## IN A TENT

By  
LARRY CONLEY &  
MICKEY KIPPEL

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a complex, syncopated melody in the right hand and a simpler, more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The voice part enters with the lyrics 'Way out on the burn-ing sands Way out with the car-a - vans In a tent 'neath the set-ting sun When the day is done Life is just be - gun.' The melody is written in a single line with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues throughout the vocal lines, providing harmonic support. The score concludes with a 'REFRAIN' section, which repeats the phrase 'In a tent With you in my arms In a tent'.

VOICE

Way out — on the burn-ing sands — Way out —

— with the car-a - vans — In a tent 'neath the set-ting

sun — When the day is done — Life is just be - gun. —

REFRAIN

In a tent — With you in my arms — In a tent —



— Liv-ing in your charms — We'll let the world go on drift-ing by —

— What else can mat - ter with you and I — In a tent —

— Like a par-a - dise — I'm con - tent — Gaz - ing in your

eyes — Where could I find such a sweet rend-e - vous —

In a tent — with you. — you. —



# MY VISIT TO THE TENT

## THE ARABIAN NIGHTS OF A THOUSAND YEARS AGO

A breath of Araby—with just a touch of old New York.

A step across the threshold from the cold, wind-swept street, with its glaring electric signs, creaking to and fro on rusty hinges, and discordant clangor of horns and bells, into the dimly lighted anteroom of the land of make believe!

Carpeted floors, muffling the sound of feet eager to dance. An attendant in spotless white, his black face shining like a strip of pure ebony beneath the crowning glory of a silk turban. From above the strains of soft plaintive music floated down the carpeted stairs, carrying with them the fragrance of Houbigant's.

Silk covers the walls in strips of red and gold. It is a seep red and a tarnished gold, suggestive of old things,—and slumbering memories. The ascent is rather sharp and the draperies with which the ceiling is covered almost brush the head. At the top, a small landing and a silken cord which bars entrance.

Slipping in the lower left vest pocket the brass tag which one receives after having checked hat and coat, the first real opportunity to observe is offered. Inside the light is subdued and one stands looking intently as the eyes grow accustomed to the change. Suddenly the exotic charm grips—!

Beturbaned waiters, slipping silently about, seem ever about to address one as "Sahib." In harmony with the design on the stairs, the walls are covered with silken hangings, red and gold predominating in the color scheme. Extending from the center of the ceiling, where they are caught up as if on a ridge pole, the draperies extend to the walls and thence downward, until the entire room is enclosed in silken hangings. The room is comparatively small and triangular lights ranged at intervals along the wall reflect to give the whole an intimate and cohesive appearance.

Tables, each with a small but artistic lamp on it, line the walls, and in places chairs are dispensed with in favor of plush covered ledges supported by the walls. At the far end of the room the orchestra is dimly outlined against a background of golden mosques set in purple shadows. Picturing a Moorish palace on the banks of the Ganges, silvery stars are scattered over the painted sky above the mosques, and lend their note of enchantment to the charm of the Oriental scene.

A lilting melody fills the air—and one forgets! The croon of the saxophone—the soft, vibrant note of the violin—the deep, rich tone of a moaning Trombone, (a human soul seeking expression),

and behind all the steady rhythmic boom of a drum whose strings have been loosened.

Fantastic shadows play upon the walls, but little more fantastic than their counterparts from whose shuffling feet on the dance floor emanates a subdued murmur. The powdered backs, glistening ornaments, the rustle and swish of silken skirts, plastered hair, stand-up collars and wide expanses of white shirt fronts lined in by conventional black.

Here and there at tables sit couples who, for reasons of their own, are not dancing. For the most part they content themselves with an occasional sip of what purports to be nothing but gingerale, and engage in desultory, languid conversation. Here, in the semi-twilight, the ultra maid smokes her cigarette with studied gesture, and her escort worships in ill concealed adoration.

Far over in the corner, almost out of the picture, sits a solitary man. Before him on the table are a sandwich and a small pot of coffee. Behind a haze of powder blue smoke, from a cigarette he looks on,—and dreams.

Suddenly, from wandering around the room, his eyes are recalled to focus on the table before him. From the orchestra some familiar strains and a fascinating melody fills the air.

***IN A TENT, with you in my arms -  
IN A TENT, living in your charms -  
We'll let the world go on drifting by -  
What else can matter with you and I -  
IN A TENT, -***

The dance is over—the spell is broken! A ripple of applause, and the dancers seek their tables. The lights flash up, and conversation becomes animated. Introductions are in order on all sides and the clink of ice in thin glasses mingle with the gurgle of liquid being poured from narrow necked bottles.

The solitary figure applies himself to the sandwich. Finished, he calls for his check, pays it, makes his way through the maze of tables and departs. On the street again,—behind, The Tent, before, the office. The chill cutting wind whistles dismally around the dark, bleak corners. The street lamp glare down like baleful eyes, and blink knowingly with metallic clicks. A cab grinds to a stop at the curb, and the piercing, wild shriek of its brakes strike an answering chord of wild, tumultuous exaltation in the breast of the waiting figure.

For just the fraction of a second he stands, then, the cab door swings open, the figure jumps inside, and the cab rolls off to be swallowed up in the endless moil of swirling traffic. The night at The Tent is over!